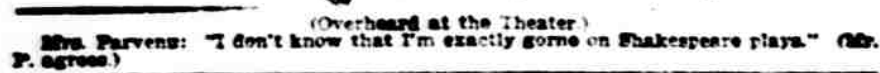


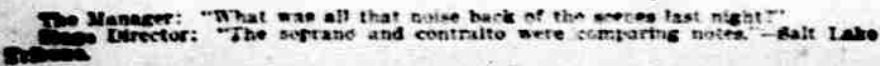
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GOODRICH MUDD AS A VALET.



THE REASON.



Arthur, wrapped in contemplation, viewed this scene of conflagration. "This," he said, "conforms my notion—'Heat creates both light and motion.'"

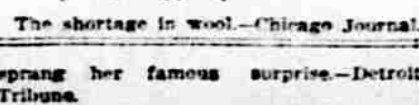
Woe, experimental Nina Dropped her mother's Dresden china From a seventh-story casement, And watched it crash on the pavement.

Nina, somewhat apprehensive, Said: "This china is expensive, Yet it proves by demonstration Newton's law of gravitation."

Wahne, freewheeling and winging Post, Shook her head and said:

Shylock was about to take one pound of flesh. "Too bad you aren't a pugilist who lacks just one pound in getting down to the weight limit," he said, airily.

And when the money-lender went on and asked the spectators if they preferred the light or dark meat, Fortin stepped up and

**MARKET TERM.**

The Trailers.
We have listened to the rustle
Of the home-made paper busbie,
And the leg-of-mutton sleeves have caught
Our eye;
We have side-stepped crinolins,
And enraptured we have seen
The rainy-day shirt parading by.
We admit we have a passion
Just to watch the frills of fashion,
Fair woman's many shifts from toe
To crown;
But the thing that plays the deuce is
This last freak that hares across—
The leg-of-mutton sleeve turned up
down!

—Houston Post.

The Capture of Dewey.

The Capture of Dewey.
Admiral Dewey's peace of mind has been greatly disturbed lately by "nightmare automobiles," each carrying thirty or forty people, which stop in front of his home three times a day in the effort to get

glimpse of the Admiral or Mrs. Dewey. Even more annoying than the stare of forty pairs of eyes is the witticism of the gable, who shouts through the megaphone in a voice that can be heard a block away:

"The red house to your right—given by the American people to Admiral Dewey, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and came to Washington to be captured by a lone woman."—Saturday Evening Post.

Important P. S.

An Hilarate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love-letter, and he felt an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tenderness. It was as follows:

"Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's writin' it is a married man, an' he says he can't bide any soft-soapin'; it gives him the spasms!"—London Tit-Bits.